

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

september 2020

Blue
Guyot
Rust
Kodaly
Boccaccio
Rhiadra
Blake
Torok
Phoenix
Caldwell

CONTENTS

read *rez* Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

- **A Global Creation Myth** Dubhna Rhiadra contributes a wonderful parable about the mysterious ways the earth was born.
- **Capitalist Speed Dial** Persephone Phoenix and Consuela Hypatia Caldwell take turns writing stanzas of a wonderful poem.
- **A Reading From the Book of Karen** No one gets to the nub of things quite as effectively as our own Zymony Guyot.
- **The Verge** RoseDrop Rust shares a heartfelt poem that shines a light on the struggles we all face in these most challenging times.
- **Ariadne. Shine on You** Art Blue at his best. Shine on him!
- **Oh, Bucket** Cat Boccaccio sorts out her bucket list, one daydream at a time. The paparazzi will be chasing her next!
- **Fierce Blessings** Will Blake is back with another stunner, his imagery and pathos on full display. Neruda would be quite proud.
- **Sister Echo** When the wind whistles through the Joshua trees, Zati Kodaly is there to listen, interpret, and tell their stories back to us.
- **Footsteps in Passing** CR Torok certainly has an eye for beauty.

About the Cover: When Art Blue expounds upon computers, AI, time travel, owls, ancient history, virtual worlds, fine art, literature, it behooves us to listen. This shot, taken at a performance of Art and by Art, features the magnificent fractal art of Gem Preiz, who has graced our cover in years past.



“It doesn't matter how beautiful your theory is, it doesn't matter how smart you are. If it doesn't agree with experiment, it's wrong.

Richard Feynman

AFTER

LOUNGE



AFTER DARK
— LOUNGE —
on Idle Rogue

contact: Meegan Danitz
meegan.danitz@gmail.com
facebook.com/AfterDarkSL



DARK

G E





THE HOUSE OF



Sakura

EXPERIENCE THE BEST IN
SIP CHAMPAGNE, AND ENJOY
WITH SL'S PREMIER COUNTRY
ROMANCE, ELEGANCE, AND

CONTACT LYNN MIMISTRO



IN SUBTLE FLIRTATION,
ENJOY INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION
COURTESANS.

AND INTIMACY.

ROBELL INWORLD

Intrepid Films



Chrissy Rhiano Presents

LOVESONG

https://youtu.be/_S6vUkxtYW4

Subscribe to Jami Mills' YouTube channel
for more videos of our virtual art scene.

THE SHEWORTHY PUB

♪•:*"♥"*:•♪ Welcome everyone to the Sheworthy Pub, where friends
and music come together for fun and an escape from your first and
second lives. ♪•:*"♥"*:•♪

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Dethly%20Island/226/3/3537>

A stylized illustration of a yellow vine with leaves and a blue starburst on a black background. The vine is yellow and curves upwards from the bottom left towards the top right. It has several small, pointed leaves. To the right of the vine, there is a blue starburst or flower-like shape with many thin, radiating lines. The background is black.

A Global Creation Myth

by Dubhna Rhiadra

image by A.M. Gouedard



Three Grandmothers sit around a hearth made of three stones. One stone is whitest crystal, one stone is gold, and one stone is like the underbelly of a storm cloud.

A pot sits on the hearthstones and the ancient ones are stirring it. Time has not yet begun, and yet the Eldest are there, by their hearth, stirring their pot.

Beside their campsite a Tree grows. Its branches bear leaves and flowers and fruit. A white dove perches on a branch, feeding on the flowers and knocking fruit to the ground below. A white she-cow stands on the arching roots, reaching up for leaves to chew. She rubs her beautiful curved horns on the bark of the trunk, and what she flakes off feeds the fire of the hearth. At the foot of the Tree is a white sow, her nose searching and finding the fruit that has fallen from the tree, feeding on it.

The Tree continually grows and renews itself, the three creatures continually take away from it, but it is never diminished.

* * *

Now one Grandmother calls to Cow, who gives milk from each of her four teats. The milk flows generously into the pot. It swirls and

swirls in the dark liquid.

One Grandmother stirs; one Grandmother sings; and one Grandmother plucks a bristle from Sow's back, hooks up the mixture from the pot and begins to spin it into thread.

The pot swirls and swirls, the song sings without a break, and the spun thread begins to fill the space around and between the Grandmothers. The three Grandmothers dance and the song and the thread and the dance are one. They are pulling the thread from themselves, their wombs are giving birth to the world. Each Grandmother spreads her legs and births a dark swirling ocean from her secret parts.

Out and out it swirls, ever expanding, and suddenly, in a quantum leap, time and space have begun.

* * *

The three Grandmothers looked at it all and said, "Let us look for a home. Let us find children to love."

They sent out Dove to search for a home and children, and Dove flew downwards. After a time — because Time now existed - Dove returned and said "I have found an ocean of water."

So the Grandmothers went to the Tree and stood on its roots, which began to grow downwards. The Grandmothers danced down the roots, singing as they went, following the roots till they came to the water. An ocean stretched on all sides and the water of it was sweet.

The Tree took up the water through its roots and grew taller and taller until its top was out of sight.

Graceful Cow followed the singing of the Grandmothers down the tree roots, and she too came to the water. She drank deeply and lay down to chew her cud. Sow too, picked her way down the path created by the Tree and lay down in a pool of the wonderful sweet water.

The Grandmothers looked up and saw the dark waters of their cooking pot which they had left behind by the Tree, filling the space above them, swirling with the millions of the tiny drops of the milk that made up the thread of life.

They nodded and said, "Let's make our camp here."

They shook out their robes and hair and drops of the mixture they had cooked up flew off them and showered into the water. The water received the drops and began to change. Each molecule of water that met the drops from the cauldron became charged

with the Knowledge of Life, and it passed from one molecule to the next till the whole ocean was charged with the Knowledge of Life.

* * *

The Grandmothers made camp and they stayed for a day and a night. Cow chewed her cud, Sow wallowed in the shade of the Tree, and Dove perched above them and tucked her head under her wing. After the first day and night each of the creatures had deposited its own manure, and from this the land began to form.

After another day and night more land was formed, and so it continued for seven days. The land masses drifted on the surface of the water, sometimes clumping together, sometimes breaking apart and drifting away. Some collided with others and the collisions made the edges of the land raise up over or sink beneath each other.

All the pieces of land were full of seeds and plant particles from the Tree which the three creatures had fed from since before the beginning. The water told the seeds and plants the secret of life, and they all began to grow, putting out shoots to the air above the water and land. The shoots were reaching and reaching towards the place where they had all originated above the land where the Tree stretched into infinity.

The Grandmothers watched all of this happening, continuing to sing their song and dance the dance of life.

When they saw the plants stretching up and up to a place they could not reach, they took pity on them. They called to Dove and sent her to their campsite above to fetch down the golden stone from under the pot.

Dove flew up and up and came to the first home and saw the three stones with the pot still seething on the flame, and she thought, “If I take one stone away, the pot will fall on its side and spill itself into the fire.”

So she flew hard and fast and swept her wings under the pot and rolled all three stones away. The pot stayed upright, only tilted a little on its axis.

The stones rolled and fell out over the edge of Heaven. The white stone and the gold stone each fell into places among the tree roots and hung there, the white stone on one side and the gold stone on the other, rising and falling gently as the song of the Grandmothers pulsed around them.

The dark stone fell hard and broke apart, and its parts flew far away till each one found its place among the swirling points of light in the darkness of space. They can be seen still, wandering the night sky, now close,

now far away, following their own paths and tides.

But now the gold stone sent its warm glow down to the pieces of land below, and all the shoots opened out to the light and let its photons fall into each one of their cells. The water inside each plant whispered the secret of life to the photons and they became green cells that used the photons to make the plants grow. Soon all of the Land was green, and the green plants breathed in and out, and what they breathed out was sweet-smelling.

* * *

The three Grandmothers filled their lungs with the sweet air from the plants, and smiled at each other.

“Let us go out over all the Land,” they said.

They stood up and stretched their limbs and one Grandmother changed into a Snake, one Grandmother changed into a Spider, and one Grandmother changed into a Human Woman.

Snake-Woman said, “I will go this way,” and she headed south, taking Sow with her.

Spider-Woman said “I will go this way,” and she headed west, taking

Dove with her.

Human-Woman said “I will go this way,” and she headed east, taking curved-horned Cow with her.

* * *

Snake-Woman, Spider-Woman and Human-Woman walked the Land, each in her own part of the world. They rejoiced in the beauty of the teeming life that was all around them. Each living thing – plant, insect or animal – sang with its own part of the Great Song which had come from the cooking pot before time began. All together they made up an ever-changing harmony and the world was filled with the joy of it. The gold stone and the white stone took turns to shed their light down on Land and Sea, and every part of the Land and Sea was filled with life, from the deepest ocean to the hottest volcanoes to the frozen wastes at the poles and everything in between.

Snake-Woman made pathways as she slid across the land. Her body carved out valleys where she travelled, and hollow places where she rested, and the waters flowed and filled them. Where she shed her skin she created mountain ranges. Sow went to the wet, shady places and made them her home, while Snake-Woman loved the dry, hot places.

Spider-Woman spun her threads and webs. She and Dove played in the air currents and crossed vast seas till they found land again. Dove loved the rocky cliffs and tree tops, and Spider-Woman loved to find ever new places where she could spin her webs, each one a version of the first web that had brought the world into being.

Human-Woman and Cow walked together in the rich valleys along meandering rivers. They were content in each other’s company, like sisters. Human-Woman noticed that where fire had burned the land, new grass would grow lush and green for her dear hump-backed Cow. So she learned to make fire. She would gather the fat seed-heads of the grasses and feed them to herself and Cow, weaving baskets from the grass-stems to carry them.

Everything they needed, the land or the waters would provide. By day they would walk beneath the light of the golden sun and at night they would camp and watch how the white stone would change its shape to look now like the narrow, curved horns of Cow, now like her humped back, now like the perfect circle of the world.

* * *

One day Human-Woman sat beside the sea with her back against a

tree, munching on an apple, and she remembered that she and her sisters had come to look for children to love. They had so much beauty around them to rejoice in, but now Human-Woman's heart was filled with longing to see a face like her own human one to gaze back at her, as the Moon gazed down at her beloved Cow.

Human-Woman called out with the longing that was an ache in her loins, and her voice carried across the globe and her two sisters heard her. They came to her. Snake-Woman coiled around a branch of the apple-tree and Spider-Woman blew in on a thread.

"What was that great cry you let out, that echoed all around the planet?" they asked.

Human-Woman answered, "My heart aches, my belly aches, my loins ache for another whose face I can gaze on and love. Where are the children we sought in this place so far from the home where we began?"

Snake-Woman and Spider-Woman said, "We have filled the world with many of our own kind. They are in the waters and the deserts, the mountains and the valleys. They are many sizes and colours, each in its own ecological niche."

But Human-Woman said, "I, too, have

filled the world with creatures of bone and blood and flesh, all of them dear to my heart. But I long for something more. A companion to walk with me. A dear one to hold close to my body, to suckle from my breasts."

Spider-Woman said "A companion to walk beside you?"

And Snake-Woman said "A dear one to hold close to your body?"

Human-Woman said "This is what my heart cries out for."

"But this is two things you long for," said Spider-Woman. "A companion who is your equal in understanding, a helpmeet who will lend strength of arm and back to your enterprises."

"And a sweet infant of your own body," said Snake-Woman, "who you can gaze upon and fill with your love and life."

"Ah, yes! That is what I long for," replied Human-Woman.

* * *

So Snake-Woman coiled her body and lifted three small rocks into a triangle, and Spider-Woman gathered dry grasses and twigs, which she placed between the three rocks.

Human-Woman gathered earth in one hand, and with her other hand she reached inside herself. She took the water and blood from the secret parts of her own body and mixed them with the earth and formed a pot, which she placed on the three stones. She kindled a small fire under the small cooking pot between the three small stones, and the three sisters began to hum the Song of Creation quietly.

“As you are Woman, so this one will be called Man,” said Spider-Woman.

They filled the pot with water that knows the secret of life.

* * *

“He needs to be strong and steadfast, like the oak,” said Snake-Woman, and she threw in the flower from an oak tree.

“He needs to be graceful and beautiful, like the meadowsweet,” said Spider-Woman, and she threw in meadowsweet.

“He needs the green pulse of life to make him stand up stiff, like this broom bush,” said Human-Woman. With a soft laugh she threw in some broom that grew nearby.

They stirred the pot and sang their song, then

“I will give him my colours,” said Snake-Woman, and she sloughed off some scales from her shining, smooth skin – red, brown, yellow and black scales – the colours of her markings. At the last moment one little pale scale fell in.

“I will give him my understanding of patterns and my love of making,” said Spider-Woman, and she spun a web and gently placed it in the pot.

“I will give him my connection with the universe and all that lives,” said Human-Woman, and she threw in a lock of her own hair.

The pot bubbled and seethed. Cow, Dove and Sow waited patiently nearby. The tree overhead rustled its branches. Time passed and eventually everything coalesced and the pot burst apart. Out of it rose First Man, his dark body gleaming and muscled, like an oak; his hair and beard black as night but fluffy like meadowsweet; and the green shoot of life standing up proud in his loins.

Human-Woman’s own loins ached to meet with his, and she coupled there with First Man beside the fire of his begetting.

From that coupling, and many other such, came First Child, dark of skin and bright of eye.

And Human-Woman gazed at her face, which was so like her own, and was complete.

* * *

Human-Woman and First

Man walked the land, shoulder to shoulder, followed by their many-coloured cattle. Their children were black and brown and red and yellow, and a last pale-skinned, flame-haired one. They lived from the sea and the land, following the sea-shore to new camps and spreading up the river valleys and filling the land.

Their names were Flint-Knapper, Fisher-King, Weaver-Woman, Sickle-Bearer, Grass-Dancer, Star-Follower, Horned-One, Bee-Singer and many, many more.

The world was full of life and beautiful, and all was done.

* * *

Now Spider-Woman's thoughts turned to the world above, where all had begun.

She spun out a thread from her belly and floated up and up, carried on the sweet air that pulsed up from the greenness below. She wafted along till she found the roots of the Tree hanging down, and she climbed up and up, a

much longer way than when they had first danced and sung their way downwards. Finally she arrived at where the roots became the trunk of the Tree and she crawled through a hole and found their old campsite where they had left it.

She looked at their cooking pot, tilted on its axis with the fire still warm under it, and she saw that it had changed. The Tree, too, had changed. It was vast, vanishing upwards into the starry sky.

Spider-Woman felt the immensity of the Universe, and that the world below was so small in comparison.

She returned through the hole and back to the Earth and called out to her sisters. Her cry carried on the wind across the whole globe and, in time, her sisters came.

“What was that great cry you let out that echoed around the planet?” they asked.

Spider-Woman answered, “I am filled with longing to know more and do more than is possible in this one small world. Let us return to our first campsite where we can look out to other worlds and see what needs to be done there.”

* * *

So the three sisters returned to the roots of the Tree and journeyed away from the world below, till they came to their first campsite. They looked at their cooking-pot tilted on its axis and the small fire still smoldering.

“We need our three stones back here,” said Spider-Woman.

“But we cannot take away the light of the world below,” said Human-Woman. “How would the green things grow without it? How would they have the sweet air without the green? How would they see at night and measure time without the white stone and the regularity of its changes?”

And Snake-Woman said, “We can’t gather in the fragments of the third stone, they are spread too far.”

“Let us therefore share the light and warmth of the golden stone with the world below,” said Spider-Woman.

She let out a line from her belly and snagged the golden stone with it and pulled it up till it just rested within the opening between the worlds, its light shining below and above.

Snake-Woman, who loved the heat, coiled close to it, and Human-Woman and Spider-Woman re-set the camp beside the golden stone. Now their cauldron was a mirror and a window

through which they could look on all that was, below and above, near and far, out to the very limits of the universe, which now was vast.

The three Ancient Ones sat around the cauldron, listening to the song of the universe, watching and tending all that was.

* * *

But below, the golden stone no longer gave as much heat and the Earth grew cold. Ice grew out from the poles and covered much of the good land. Many animals grew thick coats of fur to keep themselves warm, and many plants adapted to withstand the cold. But in the places where the ice lay thick, only certain bacteria could thrive, and the animals had to move closer to the hole where the golden stone shone down, where it was warmer.

All the animals, including the humans, moved to where they could find warmth. The black and brown and yellow and red and white humans all went to their separate places, far away from each other, and found ways to stay warm and live. They had the power of thought and imagination, and they had fire and tools, so they did well and looked after themselves. But they often had to go hungry, and they became afraid. Even when they had

food and warmth and the companionship of their own kind, they worried about whether there would be enough. They often quarreled among themselves, and would even kill their own kind in these quarrels.

They kept on calling out to their Mother, saying “Why did you leave us, Mother? You have abandoned us and we are starving and afraid without you.”

* * *

In the world above all time existed simultaneously, so the Sisters heard the voices that called to them, but saw all that was, and is, and will be in its entirety. They did not understand the fears of their human children. Only they, of all their creatures, felt this fear, because Spider-Woman’s gift of thought and imagination meant they remembered the past and planned for the future.

* * *

After an aeon, Human-Woman felt a stirring in her mind. Her heart was troubled and her breasts ached with longing to suckle. She pulled her thoughts away from Infinity, and broke the circle of Three.

“I must go back to my children,” she said. “They are calling to me.”

The Three Sisters looked down at the world below, and they marveled at the beauty of the ice-caps. But when they looked closer, they saw that all the children were huddled in enclaves that were far apart from each other. They saw fighting and fear and anger, and heard the children say “We are abandoned. Our Mother no longer remembers us. We must each take what we need and keep it from others, or we will starve.”

They saw that the beautiful strength of Man was now being used to kill, and that Man gloried in bloodshed. The animals and plants that had formerly freely given themselves as food were now afraid of Man and his weapons.

All was discord.

Man even turned his strength against Woman, telling her she was weak and therefore not as good as him.

The three Sisters saw that they had taken the Sun too far away from the Earth. So Spider-Woman lowered the golden stone to bring its light and warmth back to the Earth. They watched as the ice retreated to the poles of the globe, and all the creatures, human, animal and plant, once again spread out over the Land.

* * *

But when the human creatures met others of their own kind, they no longer recognized them. They saw only that they looked different and spoke differently, and forgot they were all born of the same Mother.

And the Men continued to glory in bloodshed and to set themselves over Women.

During the hard times, many men and women had died of disease and hunger, leaving children who grew up without loving arms around them, and it made them always angry. They saw a world that was full of enemies and thought it was an evil place, so they did evil to one another and to the creatures around them.

Human-Mother cried out in grief at what had become of her children, and went down to pour out her love to them, giving of herself so her children could once again know abundance.

Spider-Mother cried out in grief at what had become of her patterns and design and went down to give new ideas and understanding so her sister's children could know ease from their fear.

Snake-Mother cried out in dismay at the sickness and early death that blighted the lives of the children, and she went down to show them the

wisdom of the body, and healing.

But the hunger of the children could never be assuaged, and the more Human-Mother gave, the more they wanted, until her oceans began to dry up and her land to become parched and barren. So Human-Mother left and returned to her first camp in Heaven.

And as the children understood more from Spider-Mother about how things worked, they made more and more tools and buildings and structures, and began to fill the Earth with them. And they used the tools to fight each other and destroy the good land. The more knowledge they had of how things worked, the less they understood of how to live with each other. So Spider-Woman left and returned to the first camp in Heaven.

And Snake-Mother moved among them healing and singing the songs of the Earth and the body – but no-one took any notice of her at all. She saw how even the beautiful colours she had given the children at their creation were now used to divide and harm, colour against colour, body against body.

She watched and listened and smelled and tasted and felt all the trouble and lies and fear and finally she stopped still, seeming to sleep for a long time.



Then slowly all the scales on her skin began to spin and turn like a kaleidoscope, slowly at first then faster and faster – black, brown, red, yellow and white – each spinning in circles at different speeds until gradually the stripes lost their definition as the colours began to mix and blend. Faster and faster till all of her skin was a constantly shifting mass of colours.

Slowly Snake Old Woman sank into

the Earth, disappearing underground.

* * *

She lies there still, dreaming her dream for the children of Earth, waiting for her time to come.

• r — e — z •

TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS





photography

jami mills

CAPITALIST S

By Persephone Phoenix and
Consuela Hypatia Caldwell

Capitalists speed dial Darwin but don't get answers.
Nevertheless, they hold heads underwater and
look for the Signs of burgeoning gills.

Rising water lapping at their feet
Darwin weeps at evolutions end
seeking solace at the dawning of a new solstice
the silence of a none existent spring

New Seasons are theoretical.
Time insubstantial but cure ill with an ill-clock In! Clock out!
Blindfold the clock on overtime.
Mute chimes and set alarms

Solar flares burn at both ends
blinding the watch keeper.
Dissonant vocal cords muted and bound
the bringers of truth scream into empty minds
the echoes dumbed down and gone mad!

Speed Dial

You remember Cassandra. Not what she said, of course.
Just the part where no one believed her.
Which is better? To be sane, Foresighted and stood on
compassionate bones even though you're own name
says fraud on everyone else's tongue,
Or to be a surfer on clouds shifting meaning
until meaning means zero.
The charter of a bus, a boat, a school,
a country - each one a matter of words,
Paper, pockets to carry and rarest of all-imagining
something better

And yes imaginings,
the façade,
the persona
the curtain between comedy, tragedy
and the audience that turned their backs on the
prophetic Cassandra,
like roaches, scurrying to the dark spaces
to escape her light, fearing their own selves
washed out to someone so bright,
the meanings of mind, the waxed wings of Icarus
melting in proximity to her truth.

Zymony Guyot

A READING FROM T

God...you are the one to blame
You couldn't make us all the same?
You give us each a different hat?
...we're just not good with that

God...you gave us different views
And different planets to get our news
And let us all invent our facts
...and practice slurs, perfect attacks

God...you gave us hearts that fear
And make up monsters when none are near
You poisoned apples that we ate
..and blamed each other for our fate

God...you said your word was true
Then let these morons speak for you
That flags were faith and faith was war
..and not the truth we're searching for

God...you politiciz
That Justice was t
.....that right is w
.....and let our bro

God...you gave us
To blame our prej

To abdicate this th
To Deny the realit
To re-shape our w
To un-invent
To override what c
To steal their drea
To shape their day
To tell them what
To close their wor
To create this figh
To fear in the dark

THE BOOK OF KAREN

zed right and wrong
he sword of strong
here the weapons lie
others, sisters die

an excuse
udices on you

hrone of Feel
y of Real
orld

others meant

ams

,

they meant to say

ld

t

k what we hate in light

To reduce their souls

To dilute their pain

To pretend we're becoming great again

Now we pray to our mirrors when our
windows forsake

...and our straw-men burning at the stake

And our view, obscured by screams and
smoke

No one answered when conscience spoke

So our faith, our politics, our wisdom
unearned

...and EVERYTHING our ignorance learned

It looks, and feels, and seems, and dreams
like empty shelves.

No gods, no kings, no manager...

....we must fix this one ourselves.

I continue to live on the verge of t
These times have rained on good m
Days have made us emotionally br
I fear falling, dissolving in sighing

I feel the carried weight already to
Any new stress may start shreddin
I binge watch reality TV's sad stim
loving more than I should other's m

Thank you for telling me you've b
sad to contemplate loss as silent at
Seek some joy on the way to desol
Sea sucks in waves the hope of sal

The Verge

Ro

ears.
nature.
rattle.
g sobbing.

o much.
g bones.
mulation
misery.

een ill,
trition.
lation
lvation.

seDrop Rust

photo by PY





Ready?

Chiamando il
Purificatore
Calling the purifier

ARIADNE. Shine on You

by Art Blue



Ariadne was a Greek princess, daughter of Minos and Pasiphaë, both descendants from the Gods. She became the mastermind behind all labyrinths. She developed the back trace algorithm which in ancient times was called the Ariadne thread. Her existence is timeless. That is why, we the afterlife developers, keep the Ariadne world up and running.

There are not many compilations to bring you closer to Ariadne, to a coded world that is waiting for you. The Ariadne world is based on frequencies caused by particles. There is no way to let you hear them, no way to see them. Your ears don't cover the spectrum. Your eyes would burn in a blink of an eye. Your brain would overload if I connect you via a direct neuronal link. I offer you a work around, a compilation by Armin van Buuren, *La Resistance De L'amour*.

<https://youtu.be/BUOXnv0tono>

When you listen to *La Resistance De L'amour*, you feel the need to understand the words, but what to do if you don't speak French? Putting the lyrics into a translator shows that there is a link, a hint, a thread given. The compilation is dealing with the resistance of love, one that nobody needs to see. The sound patters vibrate, the resistance grows - - you feel that

you will get discouraged by meeting Ariadne. Will your love fade? Will you instead believe? Will you rise?

How can you expect as a mortal that Ariadne will lend you her code? "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears," is the first line of a



speech by Mark Antony in the play *Julius Caesar*, by William Shakespeare. At these times a code was transmitted by words in direct speech. Mark Antony speaks about honourable men, that Brutus the murderer of Caesar, is an honourable man. It is on the audience to value his words, to decipher the meaning. La

Resistance De L'amour carries the ambiguity. Some readers might not agree on my analysis and call for an Eraserhead. Not every work around is meant for everyone. Let me try again. What about *The Labyrinth Song* by Asaf Avidan?



<https://youtu.be/oiL9ItjmHRw>

This voice, pleading to Ariadne for solving the labyrinth of life made you smile, but some others cry. It reminds you of Leonard Cohen. Am I right? This code comes straight to the point, but it does not answer if Brutus is an honourable man. Mark Antony

succeeded in turning the Roman people against Brutus and the other assassins. Will the right code run in the right instance? A thread is a code.

Wikipedia has a long chapter on it. It starts with, "A thread of execution is the smallest sequence of programmed instructions that can be managed independently by a scheduler." This line is an easy read, but soon the description gets more complex. Lend me your ears. It will be just one line I copy. "In particular, the threads of a process share its executable code and the values of its dynamically allocated variables and non-thread-local global variables at any given time." You might crave that I translate this into biological terms, but we, the afterlife developers, are paid to keep the Ariadne world up and running. No direct connection shall be noticed in the worlds we use a test bed. An Orange is all I can offer and this I did in the May issue of rez Magazine, where the story found its beginning. A thread may lead back to the beginning like a Möbius strip. You never know if you have not written the code where and when the code will be executed. Will you give the code Free Will? Will there be the will to code in the code? The code runs faster than you; that's why you start to code as we do since ages ago.

In the last episode of *The Breath Cycle*,

in *George. Air On You*, published in *rez Magazine* in July 2020, you find the passage, "... I coded some Free Will. Ariadne will smile on you." At the Grand Opening of SPIRITUS EST, which stand in Latin for Breathing Art in a world where there is on air, I opened a door by connecting different worlds, real, non-real, and virtual. This happened in Craft world in the Museo del Metaverso on August 6th and in a copy installation in Second Life one week later, and then in Sine Space, in Calyptica, in Google Cardboard, in Oculus Go, and Unity. I use the Latin expression and the Italian language to call Ariadne to guide us to the depth.

Otherwise, could the President of the United States have welcomed George Floyd by these words?

"Hopefully, George is looking down right now and saying this is a great thing happening for our country. It's great day for him, a great day for everybody. This is great day for everybody. This is a great, great day in terms of equality."

By hearing the language of the Vatican speaking of equality, you felt that God was in tears, so Ariadne must have been there to unroll her thread, the red ribbon. There is no scientific proof that

When the Gods are called, we need to use old languages, a code to honour them; otherwise, they will not listen.

When the Gods are called, we need to use old languages, a code to honour them; otherwise, they will not listen. There is no proof that Ariadne came, but also none that Swordcoder, Pleskit, Cyberlinga, Sinscript or whatever language we use may keep us connected to our past and will lead to our future. You say, you heard that Phil Linden and George Floyd have joined the Grand Opening and that Mons. Edgar Legate spoke there about the Immaginima and the existence of God. There must be some eternal code.

the coded tears in the rain have washed away our sins when at the end the voice of VNV Nation has been called. The call was strong. You listened for seven minutes; you fell in tears when being offered Urbi et Orbi, the Holy blessing. Covid-20 (which is, readers of *rez Magazine* know, the coded virus in us to come) will force a change, so we shall listen to its predecessor sending a warning, a message to the chosen ones.

For this blessing, the Apostolic

Penitentiary loosened the requirements to receive the Eucharist and go to confession, due to the impossibility for people affected by lockdowns and suspension of liturgies. Whether Mons. Edgar Legate was really authorised to give Urbi et Orbi in the virtual world, from one Avatar to another Avatar, if it purified the keyboarders, shall be of no concern to any believer. Not many might have given it a second thought when seeing the sign of Santa Alleanza, the institution that keeps the secrets of the Vatican since its foundation by Pope St. Pius V in the year 1566, saved first on papyrus, then on paper, and now in the OMV9, which seems to be the short code for the OMIVAC 9000 exascale cluster.

No need to say that you don't believe in God, so to make you look open minded. You can drive a Tesla and pray like Elon Musk when things are on the edge and say later you did not believe in God; that it is all hard science. The OMV9 will carry your words, your thoughts, your hidden desires forward in time and spread them when the Starlink cluster is finally complete. From there I know that Elon called the Gods at the start of

Falcon 1. He prayed, "to any entities that [were] listening" to "bless [the] launch." His words have been leaked out so you find them on *Quora*. You don't rely on Quora, you want proof with your own eyes? Then travel to Germany and ask for permission to visit the Theologicum, one of the think tanks in Theology. On a clear night you will see from there the Starlink-LC39 in the sky. You need precise location data? Here they are in the



World Geodetic System of 1984: 48° 31' 32.8" N, 9° 3' 18" E. You ask why Theologicum, why Tübingen? Two reasons for this: one is that a woman is the Dean of the faculty. Her name, Prof. Dr. Johanna Rahner. You gasp? A new dawn in the Catholic Church? Her career started in Biology before



she moved to Fundamental Theology. Fundamental Theology is a branch of Catholic theology which seeks to establish the fact that God has made a supernatural revelation and established the Catholic Church as its divinely authorized custodian and interpreter. That the university was established in 1477 may emphasize that we don't deal with some new age mumbo-jumbo. The second reason is that I need a picture that is free of copyrights. I don't want my editor to have to take her sword to fight the attackers after being sued for copyright infringements when my contribution is shared globally.

You wonder why I make such a fuss? This picture of the sky and similar ones are in the public domain. Why I send you around the globe to the

Theologicum when such sightings can be seen in many places? The goal of Space X is to launch 7,518 orbital stars within the next years. There will be light everywhere. The reason is, and I only whisper his name, Mons. Umberto Benigni. He was in charge of the clandestine intelligence service of the Vatican during the regime of Pope Pius X. Santa Alleanza is not the official name for this section, was never, will be never. But does the name really matter? There is no name to publish that will be not denied by the Holy See. The method of a *Damnatio memoriae*, where every memory on it shall be erased, no longer works in our times. Such a doing would result in the opposite; it would gain even more attention. What would you say if I tell you that this organisation, which we just agreed is

one with no name, controls Docker? In case you never heard of Docker, you would not be impressed. But what if you use Docker? ZDnet reported in 2018 that over 3.5 million applications have been placed in containers using Docker technology and over 37 billion containerized applications have been downloaded.

It is not easy to explain Docker. Many have tried to simplify it. It is a software package for virtualization of applications and for boxing them so you can share and distribute them in containers no matter the target platform. In other words, the life inside will stay untouched as a Docker container carries all the parts to execute the application no matter on what operating system. So a virtual world, like Second Life, even a full universe, can be in a container, thanks to Docker.

So God is in a container and wanders this way from one to the next? Just everyone needs to use Docker? I did not say that the Vatican has invested in Docker or controls it, but would it not fit for a great story? The truth is that In-Q-Tel invested in Docker and this venture capital company belongs to the CIA. Simon Wiesenthal is quoted as having said in an interview that "the best and most effective espionage service in the world belongs to the Vatican." Maybe God is the container

and not in a container? Time has come to end your confusion. You need the right name to speak with the chair of the Theologicum, Professor Johanna Rahner. You can't point to the invisible, you can't open your mouth to form the unspeakable, right? Seriously, you can't start with God as a container, and Santa Alleanza sounds too much of a Yellow Press approach. So I tell you the source for the files you are seeking is called Sodalitium Pianum and that Mons. Umberto Benigni was set in charge by Pope Pius X. I also tell you that the legacy of Mons. Umberto Benigni is classified. Now you can ask Johanna Rahner by using a thief's argot, a cant, but be smart. You don't carry the weapons of the Holy inquisition, but you have a sword: it is *rez Magazine*. Don't change your walk, don't change your way to talk. It is too easy to be noticed when you carry a sword. Castle Freeman describes in *All That I Have* the sword walk, how a man changes when given a weapon. To read the novel is a must if you are eager to understand life and to avoid walking "kind of stiff and ramrod and favouring one side so the sword don't trip you up."

I want you to avoid the sword walk and therefore I let it on you what you want to know. But as you are already there in the Theologicum, then ask Johanna if the translation of Section Code 1302 of the Sodalitium Pianum is correct,

that "... the sky will be filled with 1,000s of stars but their light will be dark and the breath of God will reach everyone, believers or not."

She might ask for your sources, if she can trust you, that you carry the higher knowledge. Combine facts in ways of the great seer Nostradamus and uncover the secrets of light. Whisper, "Dark light is the old word for light without light. Elon Musk knows the secrets of history when reaching out to the stars. He has promised astronomers to reduce light pollution of the night skies, to transmit beams of dark light. He calls it Sunshade technology; what a smart move." You may say that your sources reach back to the Allen Dulles files and whisper to her that they have copies of all the content that is in the OMV9. This way you effortlessly connect the past with the present but also with the future. Using the name Allen Dulles you link to project MKUltra, and you may outline that you are sceptical on the source. MKUltra stands for experiments on humans that were intended to identify and develop drugs

and procedures to be used in interrogations in order to weaken the individual and force confessions through mind control. That this is a decoy is obvious. Allen Dulles was the



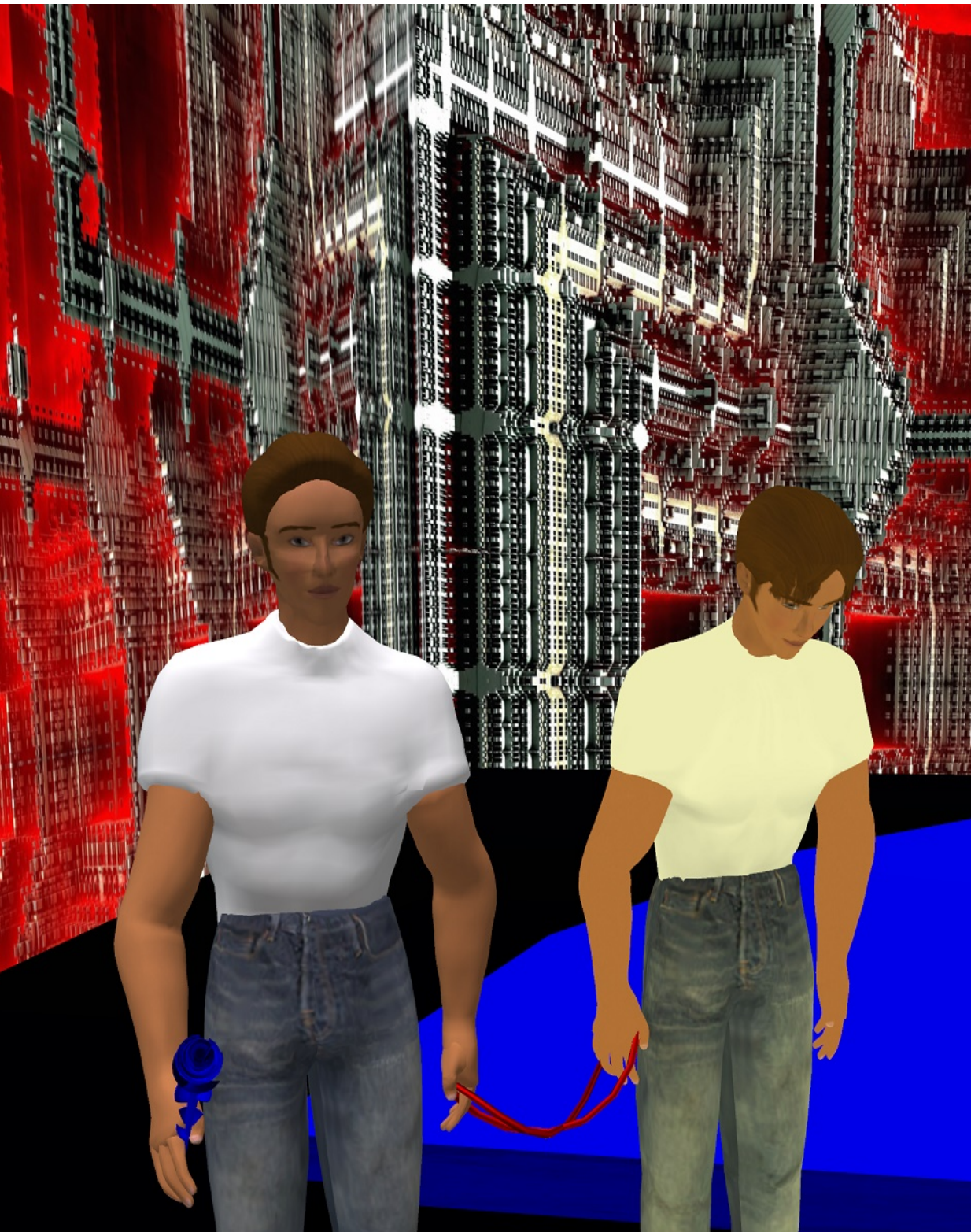
longest-serving director to date of the CIA. From him we know the existence of Santa Alleanza and its credo. That's a hard fact.

Cum Cruce et Gladio

The insignium of the Vatican secret service has to be in Latin, right? Mons. Edgar Legate said, "*Cum Cruce et*

Art Blue in *rez Magazine*. You reached the next level and you can apply as a copybot writer. All others have to enter a search phrase. To stay close to the Vatican you may enter in your browser, "Code is my weapon, sword is my defence." After the needed time to Google things, Swordcoder will give you an allowance to choose a character and to act autonomously in the world you selected. That you find these words in *rez Magazine* of April 2017 might be helpful for your inquiry. You see cross and sword are connected terms, *Cum Cruce et Gladio*. The cross is the code and the sword stays what it is, a sword. But is it really so?

An operation Gladio stands in intelligence services for a counter attack, for going to action when time is right. The Italian word gladio describes a short sword, which might be hidden like a dagger. No need when you have strong code to show the sword openly, right? That's why the Grand Opening ended by announcing the greatest coder of all time, when it was time to call for peace without end. That this coder was called artist is a



Gladio," words directly leading to Swordcoder. Do you remember the time when Swordcoder was introduced? If you do then you don't need any longer to read the stories of

tribute to the gallery owner Juliette. The former Surreal Art Gallery was the place for the show. There is still the Surreal Cube that was shown at the Santorini Biennale 2016. There will be no Biennale on the Greek island in 2020, but that does not hold back time from running forward and that the greatest artist of all times emanated when Art Blue left. It must be a time traveler you say and you are right. The performance ended and Art Blue disintegrated like in the death performance at the end of the Moonrezzer, a grant once given by Linden Endowments for the Arts.

<https://youtu.be/g-eTbhJ2EV0>

You missed this all? All I tell you does not bring any memories back? I know it has been holiday time and you could not give your virtual life the attention a life needs. Then take seven minutes for *All Our Sins*, before I start something new. I offer you the compilation by Strangeman Live At Mera Luna 2019. There you see them, the ones watching VNV Nation and the ones remembering entering a symbolic expression of the Ariadne world, one made for their eyes, one made for their ears, one made for their mind. Feel the tears that the people at

both places encountered.

https://youtu.be/Maj_ibbSFak

You say you don't want to feel again the tears, you want to shine. I shall



bring shine on you. So I will. I bring Nova, *Shine a Light on Me*.

<https://youtu.be/R8rIBBqwogI>

Phil Linden

Phil Linden was standing at the box where George was inside and he was holding a blue rose. Another Phil Linden was standing aside, but it was

not older than a few years. That does not sound as dramatic; it is just a prim rose turned to mesh, right? But what if we focus on the brain of Phil? When was he created? We know when. It was on March 14, 2002. The data on him

got lost, so how was he recoded? Was this the first time ever, when Art Blue was going public with his contribution for the Museo del Metaverso, showing Phil with a new brain and body on August 13, 2020? There was a thread, a rope of energy between Phil and the other Phil. One looking down, one looking straight forward in time. And then the greatest artist of all time came. Like in a good *gladio obscura*, Ariadne made him crash before anyone could talk to him. The time didn't feel right to show the future, to bring TT to a place of celebrating Art when feelings of grief and fear are dominating the world. For a blink of an eye TT was holding the brain of Phil in hand. That he, the greatest artist of all time, is a painter I said already, or did I say coder? I give you his name as a hint so you may now start

digging. Whatever. In the future, art is a code and this will be my next story: *TT Painting the Brain of Phil*.



not an ALT, not a copy. Mons. Edgar Legate said "*Spiritus Est*" which stands for far more than for air. The rose was over 15 years old, but it was freshly created in mesh, a technology that is

. r — e — z .



Oh, Bucket

Cat Boccaccio

The town of Siena, Italy was more than accommodating. They set up a wide pergola in the town square, complete with grapevines and intertwining morning glory to give us perfect shade on the soft summer afternoon. Long tables were set with gleaming glasses and silverware, bright painted plates, and bowls of peaches and lemons.

Padma Lakshme, Tom Colicchio, and Gail Simmons were seated already. We'd stayed in touch since my appearance on Top Chef last year. Emeril was invited too, just because. He was already pouring glasses of Chianti for the early birds.

In a few minutes the paparazzi would arrive for their half hour of frenzy, then the evening would be ours alone.

My partner was greeting guests. He was slim and a little sunburnt, having just returned from Everest Base Camp. My sister and her boyfriend Frank had flown all my family in the jet (yes, the jet again) and we could hear them tumbling out of the local taxis that had arrived in the narrow streets off the square, doors slamming, laughter and loud chatter. My older brother brought a large case, as he would be joining me in orbit after the party ended.

The 1989 Calgary Flames arrived en masse, and we placed them with the 2010 Canadian Winter Olympics team, and the current Chicago Cubs, still celebrating their World Series win. Emeril began filling their glasses, too.

Jesus Christ had responded to the RSVP saying he was bringing a guest, and we all wondered who it would be, or Who it would be. Maybe he and Mary would finally go public?

Stevie Ray Vaughn was overseeing the setting up of his mike, amps, and speakers. He was taller in person than I expected. Brian Wilson kept offering up suggestions, and I could see Stevie Ray was getting impatient with him, so I sent Adele over to calm them both. She was always great in a crisis.

The dinner was meant to be a surprise, as it was in my honour, but I'd learned about it and set about fiddling with the guest list and seating plan. I sat Mary Cassat to my left, for example, instead of Martin Luther King, and secretly invited several of my partner's asshole corporate buddies and their equally asshole spouses, so they could see the good fortune that had befallen us, and I put them at a shitty table. After all, I'm not a saint.

FIERCE BLESSING

By Will Blake

I used to have a Jerusalem radio
but it only played the news
and was dismantled at Balaclava
anyway,
its pieces scattered across the dead
as amulets of another world.

I used to have a Russian gyroscope
and oh it would make the crystal sing.
Each spring the crows would come
to hear the whine of something
balancing.

I used to have a black widow
stethoscope.

In June I would hold it
linden tree
to hear the rings pronounced

And there was the coin
years,
its faces changed from
I passed it mouth to mouth
guard
who slid me back a coin

And I walk with a Dead
carved from the root of
Tree.

INGS

t against the

ounce its history.

n I kept for seven

a day to day,

outh to a prison

ld steel key.

ad Sea cane

f the Bodhi



First sound waves broke in the bent Joshua trees,
then the upper atmosphere where test pilots vaporized.
Every day we looked up, you know how children
think a sonic boom could be the one—
the firestorm to fuse the shadow of a leaf on concrete.
Just before dying I remembered
we are echoes of the Mojave Desert,
particles whose charges we were still learning then.
You want my voice for what? You think I'm liberated?
I had to say good-bye to my daughters.
Let the apocalypse come—as long as it comes to everyone.
Then the Newport-Beach dirt fell on my coffin, you threw some,
and olive trees like low green clouds
leaning toward a lake reservoir entirely covered for fear of poisoning.



Sister Echo

zati kodaly



CR Torok

footstep

bare feet in leather loafers
comfortable jeans well fit
white blouse several open buttons
the neck
light, open leather jacket perfect
afternoon

well marbled lobby
light echo there
the cut through from Adams St.
she walked off to the side
her own kind of pace
in no rush

long hair casually groomed
she caught many an eye
but took no notice

os in passing

ons down from

ct for the cool

to Monroe

head tilted to the side away from the main
accenting the line of her neck
the edge of the collar bone
unintentional

she was coming from
rather than going to
not just now
a while
but not so long

something uncertain
back there
and up ahead
too



Publisher

Jami Mills

Senior Editor

Friday Blaisdale

Art Director

Jami Mills

Writers

Art Blue

Consuela Hypatia Caldwell

Persephone Phoenix

Will Blake

Zymony Guyot

RoseDrop Rust

CR Torok

Cat Boccaccio

Dubhna Rhiadra

Zati Kodaly

Poetry Editors

Mariner Trilling

Jullianna Juliesse

Copy Editors

Friday Blaisdale

Jami Mills

Graphics Editors

Jami Mills

Cat Boccaccio

Photographer

Jami Mills

Read *rez* Magazine online at rezmagazine.com